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"ON THE SLY."



PUCK,  
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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 4th, 1888. — No. 578.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE is one man in this country who works harder than most of the men who are organized into labor unions. He gets up between four and five in the morning, and looks after his live stock before breakfast. His breakfast, when it comes, consists, probably, of salt pork and pie, or some form of hot bread. After breakfast he goes to work in the field, and there he works until the time comes for his midday dinner, which is about as nutritious and wholesome as his earlier meal. After dinner he works until supper-time. His evening is, very likely, occupied in mending harness, soaking corn for sowing, or doing any one of the countless "odd jobs" which farm life calls for, according to the season. After a year of such toil, this man is contented if he can make enough out of his crops — and, however industrious he may be, this is a matter which depends largely upon the weather — to pay the interest on his mortgage and start fairly for the coming twelvemonth.

And there is not only one man who has to labor after this fashion. There are hundreds of thousands of such men. They form the great body of small farmers, from Maine to California. These people, as a rule, have neither the leisure nor the money to buy many papers or to read extensively, and we doubt if many of them see this journal. But to those who do read PUCK, we wish to address ourselves directly.

You will be asked, this Fall, to vote the Republican ticket, because the Republican party, by instituting and maintaining a high protective tariff, has given the country the prosperity which all her citizens — you included — enjoy. We advise you not to give your vote on any such grounds. Whether you are prosperous or not you can judge for yourselves. You know that you live and conduct your business on a dangerously narrow margin. You know that your expenses come unpleasantly close to your receipts; and you know that those expenses increase with each year, as competition increases and the owners of greater farms crowd you in the market. You ought to know that you derive no benefit whatever from the protective tariff. Taking freight and insurance into account, no European country can compete with you except in times of local famine — of failure of the American crops. And when our crops fail, or fail in part, what good can the highest tariff do you? If you have produce to sell, under such conditions, you can make your own price. If you have not, you are none the better off because Germany and England must pay a tax on everything they send to this country.

For instance: last year the potato-crop was practically a failure. Those of you who had succeeded in raising potatoes could make your own price in a market where good potatoes sold readily at \$2.50 a barrel, at retail, and sometimes commanded a much higher price. Those of you who had no potatoes sold none. If the duty on potatoes imported from abroad had been ten dollars per bushel, would they have been in any better case? And, at the bottom, it is with all the rest of your products as it is with your potatoes — why should it be otherwise? If you can not grow what you plant and ship it to your own markets cheaper than the foreigner can grow and ship it, why should you engage in a business that can only be supported by special legislation against the foreigner? If your crops fail, the people must be supplied, and the legislation against the foreigner must be repealed. Fortunately for you, you do not depend on this legislative discrimination. You are able to sell your goods at a profit in the open market. And yet you are poor. Your profit on your sales does little more than cover your expenses. Does not this strike you as an anomalous state of things? Is it not worth your while to reason out the why and wherefore of the anomaly?

You sell at a profit on the actual cost of production, and yet your business can scarcely be called profitable. Why is this? Is it not because your expenses are greater than they should be? Is it not because you have to pay, for almost everything that you buy, more than any other farmer in civilized countries is obliged to pay? Make your calculations for yourself. You pay more for iron, in all its forms, than any European pays. That means you pay a premium on all agricultural implements: on plows, cultivators, spades, shovels, rakes, hoes, threshers, corn-cutters, pitchforks, manure-forks, trowels, mowing-machines, scythes, sickles, axes, hammers,

hatchets, knives, nails, tacks — and everything, big or little, into the composition of which that metal enters.

And that is not all. You are paying a premium on a great many other things — on your clothing, for instance; on the clothing of your wife and the clothing of your children. Indirectly, you are paying the tax on the clothing of your farm-hands and the women employed in your household. In order that American manufactures should be encouraged, you are paying a duty to all American manufacturers. You are told that a duty is levied on importations of foreign goods. But you pay this duty, if you buy the foreign goods. You pay it, in part, if you buy the American goods of the same sort; for the American manufacturer naturally puts his prices as near as possible to the mark fixed by law for the foreigner. If the European manufacturer can not sell a yard of a certain sort of cloth in the American market for less than ten cents, why should the American who manufactures the same sort of cloth sell it for less than nine cents, to keep the market for himself? Perhaps he could sell it for five cents, and make a profit, but why should he? In the scheme of business morality, there is no reason why he should. And he does not.

A tax is levied upon foreign imports. Who pays it? The foreign manufacturer? No; he gets his price from the American importer. The American manufacturer? No; he makes his price, as nearly as he can, what the foreign manufacturer charges. Who pays the tax, then? Well, you do, for one. You pay it on almost everything you buy. You pay it cent by cent and dollar by dollar. You pay the fraction of a cent on the tin-plated iron spoon with which you stir your corn-meal, boiled into what is called "suppaw" in New York, "hasty pudding" in New England, and "mush" in the rest of the United States. You pay a dollar, perhaps, on your plow, and five or ten dollars, it may be, on your mowing-machine or your thresher. You pay a cent on the felt hat that keeps the sun off your head all the long summer's day; you pay from one to ten dollars on the clothes you wear. Cent by cent, dime by dime, dollar by dollar, this tax is collected out of your daily, weekly, monthly, yearly expenses.

You will be told, we suppose, that it is your duty to pay this tax, for the good of the country. Judge for yourself how far it is for the good of the country, by a simple study of easily accessible figures. Of you who are engaged in agricultural operations there are in this country more than 7,670,000. Of those engaged in trades or manufactures which subject them to foreign competition, the highest official estimate is under 906,000. So that you seven million six hundred and seventy thousand are taxed to support nine hundred and six thousand. And of those nine hundred and six thousand, how many receive their fair proportion of the tax you pay? We can not tell you. But you can see for yourselves that every year thousands of workmen employed in "protected" industries are clamoring for higher wages, and "striking" to get them. Don't you think it would pay you to find out where your money goes?



## PROFESSIONAL PROMPTNESS.

LADY PHYSICIAN. — Dear me, I wonder if it is ever going to clear off?  
A patient sent for me two days ago.





## THE AUTOGRAPH DEALER.

ONE OF the queerest individuals is the autograph dealer. Wherever he goes, he is always anxious to catch a glimpse of a man or woman whose autograph has a market value. He judges a man entirely by the market value of his autograph, and by nothing else.

The hero of a battle is not a wonderful soldier in his eyes. The smoke and fire and glory of the victory pale before the autograph of the triumphant man of war.

"You see that man yonder?" asks a friend at a reception.

"Yes," replies the autograph dealer.

"Well, he is a Rear Admiral, and the winner of twenty-six naval engagements."

The dealer does not ask the names of the engagements, nor even the name of the hero of them. He is utterly indifferent to both. All he says is:

"I should think his autograph ought to be worth a dollar and a quarter."

When he goes to the opera, he spends all his time looking for the faces of celebrities he knows. After he has been watching them for some time, he writes down on one of his cuffs:

"\$37.75."

This is the aggregate value of a set of the autographs in the house.

He has all the painters and poets and composers rated according to what their names will sell for. There are dollar people, and fifty-cent people, and even five-cent people. He regards a man, whose autograph is not on the market, as on a social level with a coachman or gas-fitter. His idea of a fit man for public office is the man whose autograph can be sold for two dollars. Upon such a man, he looks with the admiration that a druggist bestows on a drug that sells for a dollar an ounce. He will go out of his way to do such a man a favor, and think nothing of inviting him to his home, or asking him out to luncheon. In speaking of different celebrities, he alludes to them by monetary denominations, such as dollars, halves, quarters, dimes and nickels.

He is a great stickler for what he considers the niceties of autographdom. He thinks a dollar man ought to live in a brown-stone front, and a fifty-cent man ought to keep a horse. If he sees a nickel, or five-cent, man drinking anything more expensive than beer, he considers it inconsistent with his status as a man of low autographic standing. But a man whose autograph is worth a nickel is equal, in the seller's estimation, to a whole army of men whose autographs have no value whatever.

Wherever the dealer goes, he eats, drinks and thinks autographs. If a girl marries a man of fair autographic standing, he thinks she has made a good match. He does not regard Shakspeare as a great poet, because it is impossible to secure his autograph. And he does not say, with Shakspeare: "What's in a name?" But always delights in replying to Mr. S.: One dollar, fifty cents, or a quarter, as the case may be. R. K. M.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.'S—*The Baltimore American*—The Terrapin.

RIDER HAGGARD is said to have realized over seventy-five thousand dollars from his novels. This is the sort of realization that becomes perilously like the ideal.

THOSE WHO BUY pools on the ocean steamers should bear in mind the unalterable fact that in the long run the high number pays.

## THE ONE-BUTTON SUSPENDER.

What vaulting ambitions aloft can man raise,  
What fond aspirations engender,  
When he's held like a horse with a one-sided trace,  
By the back-strap of half a suspender?

We believe that the hopes a man has of the crown  
He might surely be led to surrender,  
When he feels himself pulled, jerked, hauled, and dragged down  
By a left-handed, one-button suspender.

A. W. Bellaw.

## TOO FAR FOR ECONOMY.

"John," said the minister to the sexton: "that pulpit-cushion is worn out. I wish you would see that a new cover is put on it."

"Yes, sir," said John, grimly: "I know it's wore out, an' it's the third since last Fall. It ain't my place to make remarks, sir, but in my opinion there's such a thing as carryin' religion a leetle too far."

EMILE ZOLA is said to be writing "A Roman Chaste." Whether the book is to be a biography of Appius Claudius or Marius the rumor does not say. These two gentlemen were chased farther than any other Romans in history.

## INTELLECTUAL STIMULUS.

"How are you getting on with your poem, Charley?" inquired the poet's friend.

"We-e-ell," said Charley: "she's been going pretty slow the last day or two; but I've got some blue blotting-paper and changed my pen-holder, and I guess she'll start along a little livelier now."

A HINT FOR THE CYNIC—All is not Oroide that Glitters.

"No," observed Mr. Orrice Root: "I never keep a letter from a lady. I burn it up instantly, erase it from my memory, and there is an end of the matter forever."

"Tough on the poor old washerwoman, Root," observed Mr. James Sling, as he shook his head.

## THERE ARE ALWAYS DEGREES.

"He's a good enough fellow," remarked Mr. Ovington Ropes, of Brooklyn Heights: "but I don't see that I have any particular occasion to associate with him. He lives in Williamsburg."

THE LOBSTER is called the "cardinal of the sea" by a certain French author, under the impression that the natural color of this marine is red. A Chicago girl, who belongs to a Hogg-Ettrick-Shepherd-Society out there, defends the erring Frenchman by stating that he probably meant a Red Sea lobster.

## APPLYING HER THEORY.

MRS. PANCAKE.—I don't see, Mr. Jokem, why you should n't pay up promptly. Surely, it can't take long to write half-a-dozen paragraphs a day.

MR. JOKEM.—Ah, Mrs. Pancake; just suppose you had to give each one of your boarders something every day that none of them had ever eaten before?

## RATHER POINTED.

MR. UPSON DOWNES (seated by a STRANGER in car).—What time is it by your watch, if you please?

STRANGER.—I don't know.

MR. UPSON DOWNES.—But you just looked at it?

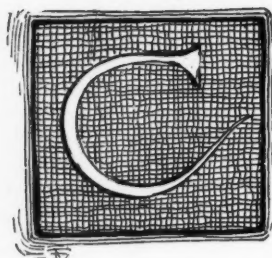
STRANGER.—Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there.



## AGRICULTURAL.

NURSE.—Why Flossie! What are you doing?  
FLOSSIE (who has been watching the spring gardening operations with great interest).—I want to det some 'ittle kittens!





## ROCUS TIME.

Now doth the whirling Snow-storm  
Fold up his great white wings,  
And out in the pussy willow  
The rasping cat-bird sings.

There's a cloudlet, soft and fleecy,  
Afloat in the airy blue,  
And soon in the blooming doughnut  
The doves will bill and coo.

The snow-flake melts on the ivy  
That twines 'round the poodle's bark,  
And soon is the zephyr worsted  
When it ventures out for a lark.

It's springy enough to waken  
A song in the poet's soul,  
But wintry enough to make him  
Tune up for a ton of coal.

About these changeable seasons  
We know not anything;  
It may be winter or summer —  
It may be autumn or spring.

The season's are mixed together  
In such a way as they fly,  
We'll soon be sun-struck in December,  
And frozen stiff in July.

R. K. M.

## STILL MORE ANENT "AN INTELLECTUAL LUXURY."

Failing to receive from Mr. Eilenstein any response to Mr. De Vere's letter, printed in Puck of last week, although a copy was at once transmitted to him, the member of the Puck staff who noted down the original anecdote called upon the famous art-dealer.

Mr. Eilenstein saw his entrance into the art gallery, and hailed him from afar off with Oriental vehemence:

"My frent! You dell me vy you wide vot I dells you like dot. Maybe I don'd speak Enklisch choost righd — dot ain'd no reason you maig fun uf me!"

The member of the Puck staff disclaimed any intention of offending Mr. Eilenstein, and explained that the story was told in the form in which it appeared only to lead a rich and racial tone to the tale.

Mr. Eilenstein was appeased. He listened with interest to the account of the Puck man's mission, and carefully read Mr. De Vere's letter:

"He reckoned der haend uf der maester, ain'd it? 'Un' his familiar duch.' Un' he gif me back my Bouguereau for four dollarss un' sefenty-five cents, ain'd it? Vell, you dell Mr. De Vere uf he dake dot frame off, un' look in der lower righd hant corner, he see 'Chacab Ottmann, litographer,' choost as neat brinted as you efer see. Dot vos a goot litograph. I gif him four dollars for dot litograph, any day. Dot vos a choke on der olt Chew, ain'd it?"

"See here, Eilenstein," said the Puck man: "this seems to be more or less of a joke on me. The next time you give me a story to print, you'll know it."

Mr. Eilenstein soothed the rage of Puck's representative with a kindly pat on his coat-sleeve:

"Don'd you pe aengry," he said: "I don'd pe aengry ven you maig fun uf me. You are a marrit man?—you got a vife?—No? Vell, some day you ket marrit—I sell you a ghromo to haeng on your nursery vallss—I don'd charch you noding, only vot it gost me!"

SITTING BULL learned several sentences of English while in Boston. He begins each one of them with "I presume."

GEORGIA is adopting extreme measures to keep her colored population from exodusting. One projected water-melon patch is to contain six hundred acres of melons.

AFTER THE boisterous blizzard,  
The snow-drift, that looms like a tent,  
Melts away in a river of sunshine;  
And then is the balmy air rent  
With "Jacks for a cent!"

## HE POOLED HIS AFFECTIONS.

MR. HOFFMAN HOUSE.—Why, Rockie, old chap; what's become of all those pictures of your best girls that used to decorate your rooms?

MR. ROCKAWAY BEACH.—You see, dear boy, it was such a stwain on a fellow's affections to give the pwoper amount of sentiment to each one, when there were such a lot, don't you know, that I just had them done into one of these composite photogwaphs. They make an immensely pwetty girl, and I can feel as spoony as I like over her, and be doing the correct thing by them all at the same time.



DOWN BY the roaring ocean  
The spring air's soft and bland;  
And you're fed upon luscious oysters,  
Blue Points and Rockaways—canned.

APRIL HOPES—That the Landlord Will Make the Necessary Repairs.

A TRAMP RECENTLY had a plate of hard ice-cream given him by a good-natured lady, upon whom he called for assistance.

He handed back the spoon, with an apology.

"Oh, I don't suspect you of wanting to steal the spoon," said the lady.

"I don't for a moment suppose you do, my dear madam," replied the tramp: "but it is not correct form to eat hard desserts with a spoon; I am from Boston, and should prefer a fork."

IGNATIUS DONNELLY has, we understand, discovered a cipher which proves that Mr. W. D. Howells wrote "She." Ignatius is of some use, at last.

IT WILL SOON be time to say again: "It's the last time I pull you off; by next winter I'll have a new overcoat."

ANY ONE WISHING to purchase a boom, slightly damaged, and out of repair, at a low price, and on reasonable terms, should at once apply to the owner, J. G. B., who has no further use for it.

THE CITY OF St. Louis is built around the grave of the famous Indian chief Pontiac. When the Tammany sachems arrive in July, old Pontiac will turn over several times.

A FALL RIVER BANK is called the Metacomet. Many of the Cincinnati depositories look as if they had, too.

## AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.



MR. FRIPLEY.—What a beautiful dog you have, Elsie! does he do any tricks?

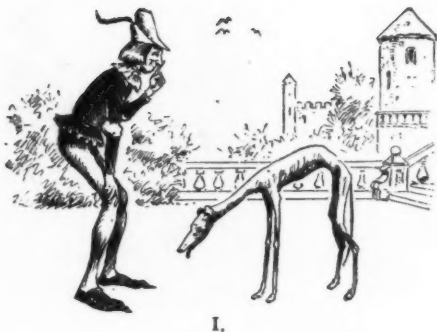
ELSIE.—Oh, yes; lots and lots of them—



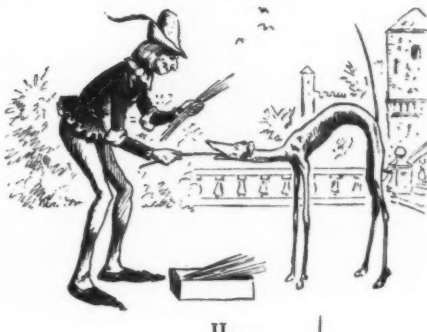
—Sit up, Nero!



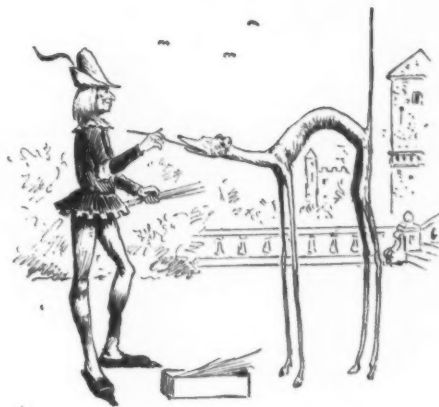
THE NEAPOLITAN AND THE INDISPOSED GREYHOUND;  
Or, the Consequences of a Maccaroni Diet.



I.



II.



III.

SOME POPULAR BELIEFS.

A RECENT ARTICLE on the "Seven Cities of Cibola" is responsible for the statement that the Zuni Indians believed that the stones in the brooks caused the water to run. It is also a fact that this curious people believed that the summer did not bring the birds, but that the birds brought the summer.

But these beliefs are not any more absurd than many held by more enlightened people.

In some remote corners of New Jersey, for instance, there are people who believe that it is the trees that make the wind blow.

There are other people, all over the country, who believe the Quakers bring the rain.

In some portions of the West, where the people have few chances for intellectual advancement, they firmly believe that it is the thermometers that keep a house warm in winter, and cool in summer.

Out in Arizona the average native is of the opinion that the pearly showers of summer-time are brought by the ducks.

In Bermuda the people hold the white onion sacred, as the father of all hyacinths. They think its scent more exquisite and balmy than that of any other flower or herb, and that the human sense of smell is not sensitive enough to appreciate it.

A certain class of trappers and hunters think the cow was furnished with horns that they might have convenient receptacles for their gunpowder.

In Boston it is a universally accepted fact that the shortness and stubbiness of a pug's head is owing to the tight twist of his tail. The Bostonians believe, also, that their city would come to an end if the sea were to dry up; and that the sea would be drunk dry by the codfish if the latter were allowed to multiply undisturbed. So they catch and eat all the codfish they can, that the sea may not dry up.

Philadelphians think that the ocean would always be smooth if it were not for the ships ploughing through it and tossing it up.

In Cincinnati many people think that a cornetist makes his music with his fingers, like a pianist. In the case of a fish-horn, they think the vender's soul is full of the horrible unmusic peculiar to him and that he blows out through the horn. Many Pittsburghers are convinced that the locomotive is stopped at the various stations by the weight of the cars, which is arranged to tire the locomotive out at the proper places. They differ in this respect from the St. Louis people, who could not be induced by argument or force to deviate from their opinion, that, when they travel, the cars stand still and the earth moves in the opposite direction. The Kentuckians possess a secret which is simply unique. They know that the smoke coming from a locomotive is caused by its exhaustion, and that it runs itself. This they prove by the statement that the locomotive gets out of breath on an up-grade, and is a beautiful symbol of the pluck and cheerfulness that should characterize all up-hill work.

The Indians out in Indianapolis think it is the rippling of the eddies and the twisting of the waters that make the eel wriggle as he swims.

All millers know that polar bears and Esquimaux dogs have white fur. Consequently they regard white as the proper color to keep the cold out, and consequently wear white hats in the dead of winter.

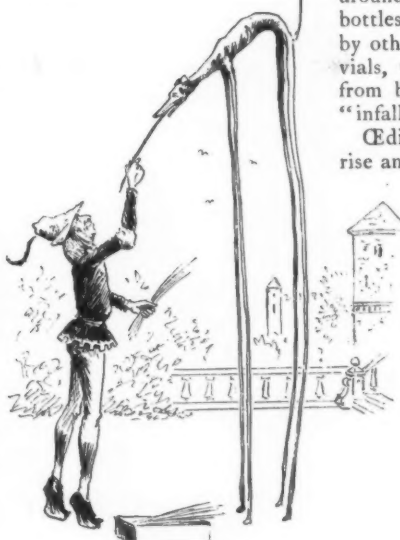
Many people, without regard to residence, believe that what will keep off warmth will keep off cold. Consequently they wear flannel in the winter to keep warm, and flannel in the summer to keep cool.

From these few examples, it is hoped the reader will conclude that the savages are no more extravagant in their beliefs and fancies than are their more polished brothers, who have all the advantages of refinement and education.

R. K. M.



IV.



V.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

RUFFIANLY THIEF.—Hand over your watch, and be quick about it!

VICTIM.—You infernal robber. I'll wring your neck!

RUFFIANLY THIEF.—I'm no robber.

VICTIM.—What are you, then?

RUFFIANLY THIEF.—I'm agent for the Universal Watch Trust.

VICTIM.—Oh, I beg your pardon! Take the watch. Is there anything to pay in addition?

A CONSUMPTIVE PROBLEM.

If "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and "a pint's a pound the world around," and if all the Cough Cures in pint bottles ("as large as those sold for one dollar by other dealers") should be put into ounce vials, would it prevent the confiding public from being deluded into buying all the new "infallible remedies?"

Cædipus will please rise and answer.



VI.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.

PASSENGER (on Harlem Cable Road, to CONDUCTOR).—Did you hear of the accident to-day?

CONDUCTOR.—No; what was it?

PASSENGER.—A car went all the way from East River to 186th Street without running over anybody.

IN DEMAND.

FIEND (to EDITOR).—Can I see your copy of Puck, out to-day?

EDITOR.—Well, the office-boy is busy with it just now, and when he has got through I'd like to have a whack at it myself.

# SPRING BY THE SEA.



THE HORSE-CAR of Phæbus rose  
out of the sea,  
The waves were as silver as  
silver could be,  
The sea-cow roamed wild 'round  
the shell-shingled reef—  
The sea-cow that gives us our  
luscious corned-beef.

The gulls in the sky were as plenty, I vow,  
As the horse-flies of June on the roof of a  
cow;  
And the ship wobbled 'round in the tur-  
bulent sea,  
Like a boarding-house table whose  
legs can't agree.

One tune the orchestration dolefully ground  
For the roller-skate fiends and the merry-go-round.  
It played but one horrible hullabaloo,  
And the hearer was thankful it could n't play two.

But out on the shore was a vision more fair:  
A willowy blonde in a trim steamer chair.  
As her ringlets of gold in the air fluttered free,  
She seemed like a mermaid just out of the sea.

From her skirt peeped her pedals, like shy little mice;\*  
She looked a white rosebud from white paradise.  
But my vision was smashed when I heard her say: "John,  
It's too early to put your spring underclothes on!"

Then I struck for the great straight and narrow board path,  
And a ticket threw down for a scalding sea bath;  
And was happy, as there I stewed, frizzled and fried,  
As a bushel of Little Neck clams at high tide.

You may talk of the rose that cavorts on a string,  
Or the flower-fed bumble all day on the wing,  
Or the leaf on the gold of a bowl of May wine,  
Or a boy out of school in the mellow sunshine,—

But give me the howling old sea-shore in spring,  
When the fricassee chicken is all neck and wing,  
When the horse-car of Phæbus bobs over the sea,  
And the merwidow's chanting her tra-la-la-le. R. K. M.

\* Sir John Suckling.

A YOUTH WHO WAS being examined in English history, was asked the  
question: "With what crime was Lord Bacon charged?" He hesi-  
tated a moment, and then answered, as if by an inspiration: "With  
writing Shakspeare's plays."

## AN EXAMPLE.



IN 1888.  
Rejoice, good friend, you're not a Roman,  
And count your privilege as great;  
For well we know in these days no man  
Would have patience to write MDCCCLXXXVIII.

LABOR NOTES.—Mrs. Bridget Mulvany, the eminent washer-lady, struck  
last week for an advance of one cent on collars and two on shirts.  
Her husband, the well-known coal-heaver, is on a sympathetic strike.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C'S—*The London Spectator*—The Prince of  
Wales.

THE LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
MR. H—NR— G—RG—,  
being  
A BRIEF ACCOUNT  
OF  
HIS RISE TO EMINENCE,  
HIS ACHIEVEMENTS,  
HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE FIELD OF ACTIVITY,  
and  
THE OPINIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES  
ON HIS REMARKABLE CAREER.

Sh-h-h-h! Boom!! Ah-h-h-h-h!!!

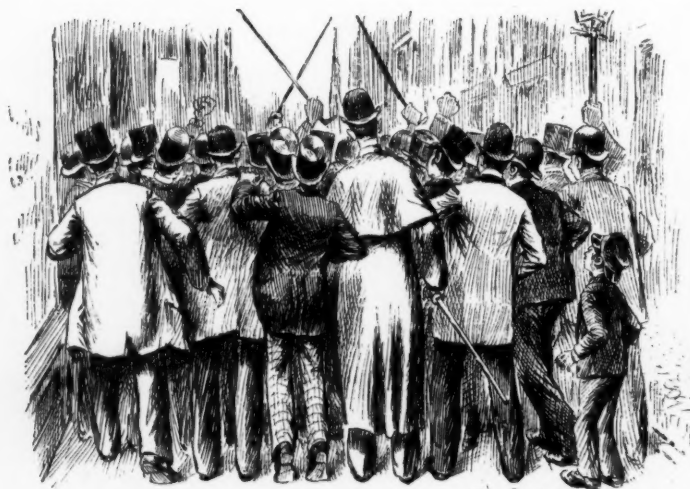
A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH of fourteen Indiana tramps is said to so  
closely resemble Herr Most, the agitator, that he has bought up the  
whole edition to send to admiring friends in Germany.

OFF SPRINGS—Water cress.

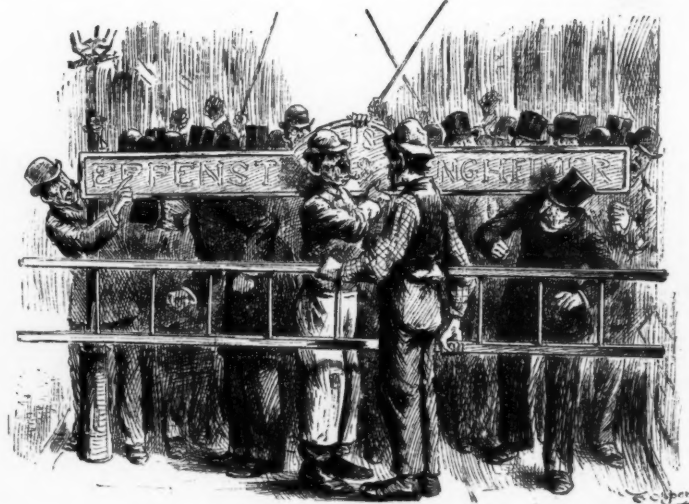
CONSIDERING THE prices charged at present by undertakers, it may  
seriously be questioned whether death is worth dying.

IT MAKES A fire-red-headed man wild to have a barber ask him if he  
would like a little brilliantine on his moustache.

## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



The reader probably infers, from the appearance of this crowd on the  
busiest thoroughfare of the great city, that something serious is occurring,  
perhaps even loss of life—



— But, in fact, it is only loss of time, owing to two Irishmen, one carry-  
ing a sign, and the other a ladder, who have met, and stopped to discuss  
the christening party at Hagan's, last evening.



## THE LAST SLEIGH-RIDE OF THE SEASON.



"Hey, boys; for heaven's sake, don't waste that snow—throw it in the road!"

## THE FIRST SIGN.

I DILIGENTLY searched the shrubs and trees,  
Whose branches bare moved in the chilly breeze,  
And, stooping low, the earth I close surveyed,  
But found no budding leaf nor springing blade.

I sadly rose, and slowly walked away;  
But soon my sombre thoughts grew blithe and gay;  
For I beheld—a dead sure sign of Spring—  
Four wrangling boys, with marbles in a ring.

M. W.

"ANANIAS; A STORY. With illustration." Published in *Harper's Monthly* for April. Well, if we were the editor of the *Sun*, we would n't want to be written up and *illustrated* in a magazine published by a Mugwump firm. Charles A., stand up and kick!

IF DON QUIXOTE had lived in these days of labor agitation and prize-fights, he would have had a fine time tilting at windmills.

THE TRENTON High License Bill is a sad blow to one of New Jersey's most famous products. The Jersey solons should remember the fate of Ajax, whose career as that sort of a temperance reformer was fatally brief.



## TRUE HUMILITY.

THE REV. ALBAN COPE (who has been preaching on the evils of speculation).—What did you think of the sermon this morning, Mr. Stone?

MR. KIRBY STONE (on the "Street").—Well, since you ask me, Parson, I did n't think it was very much of a sermon.

THE REV. ALBAN COPE.—Really? To tell the truth, neither did I. But, then, there's no need of our setting up our opinion against that of the entire congregation.

## A SELF-RESPECTING GIRL.

He had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head; with a blush on the soft cheek. But he could not help saying something to fill in, while he waited for her answer.

"When I say I have never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips have never touched the lips of any woman—except my mother's; my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm—"

A look of strange wonderment came over the beautiful face, and the deep eyes grew large as she listened.

"Is this true, George?" she asked, with hushed breath.

"It is," he answered: "it is literally true."

The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose to her full height and confronted him.

"Then, for heaven's sake, George," she said: "go somewhere and practice till you get a record."

## A TENTH-STORY PARADOX.

LANDLORD (showing apartments).—It's so cool and breezy up here,—and then, you know, you're so much nearer Heaven.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Ye-es;—but how about the fire escapes? It's queer, though, that the nearer Heaven you get, the more you need them.

## \* POETRY REPEATS ITSELF

(In Prose).



"A traveler, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device:  
'Excelsior.'"

\* Positively our last on the "Blizzard."

"FRENCH NOVELS are scarcely the cheese," tersely remarked Mr. Strait-lace, as he took the book from his daughter's hand.

"Then you can't mean that gorgon Zola?" snappishly said Miss Straitlace, as she took back the book and went on reading.

FOUL PLAY—La Tosca.

THE COFFIN TRUST should certainly be a solid one in the matter of assets, because it is bound to acquire a valuable plant.

HE THAT fights and runs away—  
Fights Sullivan for half-a-day.

DURING THE recent blizzard, the Long Island windmills must have had a glorious time; and so must the man in the country, who depends on a windmill to fill his tank, have had lots of fun bailing out his garret.

## A SPRING OPENING—



STRANGE as it may seem, a ton of feathers is heavier than a ton of coal, as every coal dealer and consumer well knows.



THE POLITICAL POOR RELATION  
UNPROTECTED FARMER (to PROTECTED FARMER)



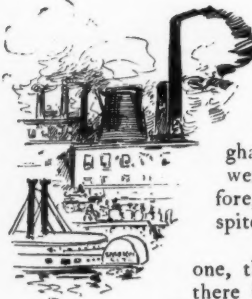


RELATION. — AN UNWELCOME GUEST.  
PROTECTED MONOPOLISTS). — Here, gents, where do I come in?

# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

V.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.



PITTSBURGH was discovered by Jimmy Ham-mill, the famous oarsman, who rowed there from New Orleans one morning on a training spin. He found that it was situated at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers, so named by two Indian tribes who were at war with one another; and were, therefore, throwing hard words around in a rather spiteful manner.

After these two rivers have been joined into one, they are called Ohio, for short; but they get there just the same.

Pittsburgh was originally known as Fort Duquesne, which is pronounced Dookain, because it is French and looks more devilish than it really is. The principal product of Pittsburgh in its early days was Indians. An English person by the name of Braddock had a meeting with these Indians near the city, and, in spite of the advice of G. Washington, permitted his troops to stand up and be shot down by the foe, who were concealed in the woods, and, therefore, may be said to have had the dead wood on the blooming, blarsted Britishers.

General Braddock, it may be noted, does not now occupy so conspicuous a place in the pages of history as George W. Those who are unable to extract a moral from this anecdote should employ a dentist to do it for them.

The principal products of Pittsburgh are smoke and soot. Seventy-nine factories and two hundred and eighty thousand hands are employed in the production of these commodities, which are consumed almost entirely by the inhabitants of the city and the neighboring towns.

The principal railway leading into Pittsburgh is called the Pan Handle Route, because the city at the end of it smokes like a half-greased frying-pan.

The inhabitants of Pittsburgh never get sunstruck; because the smoke hangs over the city like a huge parasol, and no ray of the sun can penetrate it.

The soot falls alike upon the just and the unjust; and, in the summer time, the inhabitants are in the habit of wearing white clothes in the morning and black ones in the afternoon. They do not have to make any change, as the same suit does for both parts of the day.

When a stranger is walking the streets of Pittsburgh, and a quarter-section of soot falls on his face, he takes out his handkerchief and wipes it off, leaving a long, black mark, like a map of the Chicago fire on his countenance. A native simply sticks out his lower lip and blows sharply upward, causing the soot to fly off his face, and, as Byron says, "leave not a wrack behind." I do not know what a "wrack" is; but the soot does not leave one on the Pittsburgher.

When the Confederate army was at Gettysburgh, the people of Pittsburgh were so scared, that when they washed their faces they looked white instead of yellow. The inhabitants used to go upon the house-tops and listen for the sound of advancing conflict. The Confederates, however, sent a spy ahead; and when he arrived at Pittsburgh, about nine o'clock one night, he turned around, went back as fast as he could, and reported that Hades was situated at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers. This is the true cause of the Confederate defeat at Gettysburgh.

The bottom of the rivers at Pittsburgh is composed chiefly of coal tar, and the small boys have to learn to swim before they go in, because they don't dare to wade. If they do, they have to be hauled out by tow-boats. Singers who can not keep in tune, are taken to Pittsburgh and bathed for a cure. They can not get off the pitch for a long time afterward.

The principal aquatic monster of Pittsburgh is the stern-wheel steamboat, which looks like an ordinary steamboat with a bustle on it. There are no draw-bridges on the rivers, and when one of these boats wants to pass a bridge, she simply lays her smoke-stacks down on her back, and crawls under.

Every spring there is a freshet at this interesting city, and the inhabitants of the up-river towns come down the streams and bring their houses with them, at the rate of five miles an hour. The Pittsburghers stand on the bridges, and make bets as to whether they are white people or colored. The bets are decided by lowering ropes to the voyagers, hauling them up on the bridge, and washing their faces.

A genuine Pittsburgher does not like to drink water, because at home it tastes chiefly of coal oil. That is the reason that Monongahela whiskey is so much more popular than Alleghany water.

There are several large glass works in Pittsburgh. They make chiefly smoked glass for eclipse observers. As there is an eclipse three hundred and sixty-five times a year in Pittsburgh, these factories do not care a red cent whether we have a protective tariff or not.

Tricotrin.



### A QUESTION OF TERMS.



FATHER.—Never lie, my son; always tell the truth. Who's that ringing—a dun? Tell him I am not in!

SON.—Would n't that be a lie, Papa?

FATHER.—Oh, no, my son, it's a Financial Necessity.

FATHER.—You scamp, if you ate that cake I will whip you! Did you eat it?

SON.—No, sir.

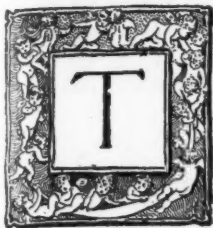
FATHER.—See here, I saw you, myself. What do you mean telling me that lie?

SON.—'T ain't a lie; it's Protective Diplomacy!





## THE M. D. RETURNS THE PATIENT'S HANDKERCHIEF.



HIS TRIFLE was found as you left it,  
Quite carelessly flung on a chair,  
Where it pleasantly served to remind me  
Of the fact that you'd lately been there.

It is n't so much of a 'kerchief  
In spite of its 'broideries and frills,  
And barely retains its faint perfume  
In this den of squills, syrups and pills.

But a memory's always a shadow  
That falls thro' the sunshine of Joy,  
Or a gleam of faint light in the darkness  
That comes to a desolate boy.

And a 'kerchief is always a something  
One tenderly, daintily holds,  
For the heart that perspires with affection  
May be chilled by this emblem of colds.

No matter how tuneful the lovers,  
No matter how soft the moonlight is,  
The serenade twangs of the zithers  
Suggest still the pangs of bronchitis.

E'en so thro' the 'broideries and perfume,  
And memories most pleasing of you,  
Faint echoes of sneezes still struggle  
—A 'kerchief suggests a kerchev.

So I send back the trifle of cambric,  
And give up my memories tender;  
Scratch a match, light a pipe, take a "toddy,"  
With my bachelor feet on the fender.

Ben Bent, M. D.

## A WISE CONCLUSION.

"Why, Mulcahy," said a gentleman to an Etruscan of the Fourth Ward: "I hear you've given up your liquor store. How was that?"

"Well, sor," replied Mr. Mulcahy, scratching his head: "I have n't rightly med out the why av it meself; but I'm thinkin' there was n't the call fer the shtore that Oi had been lid to ixpict. There was tin saloons on the block, an' a sample

room at th' coorner, an' a conchert hall forninst th' dure, an' Murphy rinnin' his moonlight shtill in th' rare o' Fogarty's tinimint, an' a logger-beer thruck bruk down in the shtorm in the middle o' the street, an' somehow, th' nehbers had n't the har-r-rt fer dhrinkin' th't Oi shud hev hoped, an' Oi t'ah't Oi'd wait for an opperchunity in a dhrier disthrick, so Oi did, sor."

## THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Now is the time of the year that the hen will begin to hatch her eggs; likewise will the ant come forth from her winter quarters to lay her eggs.

The outcome of the hen's eggs will be spring chickens—spring chickens, which, perchance, may end their careers in boarding-houses.

The outcome of the ant's eggs will not be spring chickens, but young ants, which may, perchance, be used for making arnica.

You don't see where the joke comes in?

Well, just you try to carve a boarding-house spring chicken, and, ten to one, you'll see where the arnica comes in.

## BENEATH a ripe persimmon-tree

Two learned lawyers chanced to be.

"Climb," said the first: "I'll catch—you toss 'em."

But t' other shook his head: "*Non possum!*"

"Naw," said the small boy: "I don't go to Sunday school. I went there one day, and that was all I wanted. I tipped the whole bench over, an' when the teacher ast me what I did it for I said 'Rats!' An' he did n't lick me, nor nothin'—did n't so much as swat me along-side of the face. What sort of a school do you call that to go to? Mebbe you think I'm a girl?"

MEDELSSOHN WROTE SONGS without words, and Mr. A. C. Swinburne is respectfully informed that there is no patent on the process.

THE IRISH LEAGUE is still at work; and, probably, at the end of the season, we may have a grand international series between the champion nines of each country.

THE MAN who carries his foot in a sling Requires no seedsman's manual To tell him the corn that comes with Spring Is a sure-enough "tender annual."



## A COMPLAINT.

MRS. QUILTY.—Bad luck t' that Bar-r-r-num! Iver sinch he wor here, it's devil th' tebble-clot', broom 'r clothes Oi kin kape in th' house, wid th' byes pflayin' illipants!

## "Did n't Know It Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!

A friend had pointed a revolver at him.

"He didn't know it was loaded."

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge, and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulations of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aarea Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist today and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first-class in every particular.

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The Publishers of "Puck," New York.

## THREE WISE MEN.

What they say of "Tooth Brush Reform."

Mr. George W. Cable, the eminent novelist, writes: "I have your brush in use. It certainly gives the teeth an extremely pleasant feeling of polish."

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, New York's famous wit, writes: "I find the Felt Tooth Polisher to be all you advertise—a most excellent article. Merrily yours," etc.

Dr. C. M. Richmond, inventor of the Richmond Tooth Crown, writes: "You have given us the most perfect tooth cleanser extant. . . . As a polisher it can never have a rival."

The annoyance and positive injuries inflicted by bristles are a matter of record, while results of beauty and benefits are now daily being awarded to the

## IDEAL FELT TOOTH POLISHER.

Sold by all dealers or mailed, 18 polishers with handsome imperishable holder, for 60 cents, by

222 HORSEY MFG. CO., Utica, N. Y.

The many admirers of Freddy, of "Freddy's Slate" fame, will undoubtedly be overjoyed to learn that this young gentleman has consented to the publishing in book form of his early efforts on the slate.

We hope that Freddy, in his re-appearance before the public, will meet with a welcome as kindly as of yore, and that he will prove as entertaining and acrobatic a companion as ever.

"Freddy's Slate" is for sale by all newsdealers, at ten cents per copy.

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Shipped to all parts United States. Orders by mail promptly filled.  
Send for price-list.

Advertise your hotel in The Richfield News, The  
Saratoga News and The St. Augustine News.

### CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF.

BROWN.—I say, Dumley, Robinson has  
threatened that the first time he meets you he  
proposes to knock some horse-sense into you.  
You want to look out for him.

DUMLEY (*contemptuously*).—Pooh! It would  
take a dozen men like Robinson to knock any  
horse-sense into me. — *Harper's Bazar*.

OTRA buena disposición es la que ha emitido  
la Municipalidad de la Unión, mandando que se  
construya un lavadero público para el servicio  
de aquella villa, y que se haga una pila para el  
adorno de la plaza de la misma. — *San José El  
Municipio*.

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Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Adelina Patti.  
"I have found it matchless for the hands"  
"and complexion."

TESTIMONIAL FROM  
Mrs. Langtry.  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used"  
"your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other."

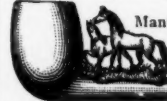
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Madame Marie Roze Mapleson.  
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"roughness, and the hands in nice"  
"condition it is the finest Soap in"  
"the world."

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First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

**C. WEIS,**



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Advice Free How to Reduce Weight and cure Obesity  
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CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.



A PASSENGER on a Missouri train was shot at by a desperado, and was saved by a plug of tobacco which stopped the bullet. This may be offered as an argument in favor of the vile weed, but it should be remembered that a copy of the New Testament in the same pocket would have had a similar salutary effect. — *Norristown Herald*.

A WESTERN magistrate who decided that a person may fry onions, regardless of the inconvenience the odor of the cooking gives the neighbors, was defeated for re-election last week by a majority of 1,500 in a vote of 1,575. — *Norristown Herald*.

CLEVELAND. — Hello, central. Give me St. Petersburg — Hello! Is that you, Nic?

CZAR. — Yes; what is it?

"How's business?"

"Russian." — *Ottawa (Kan.) Local News*.

In all kinds and degrees of sprains Salvation Oil, with rest, will effect a speedy cure.  
Of 60,000,000 American population, it is said, one-third use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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USE IT FOR SOUPS,  
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BOSTON, MASS.

### WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

Neely has arrived at that age when he begins to call himself a man, and affects airs and graces that are supposed to be the prerogatives of the lords of creation. During the late storm, while the family were debating the possibilities of the coal and provisions withstanding the promised siege, Neely remarked, in a nonchalant way, "Well, was n't there such a storm as this when I was a boy?"

"Yes," said his sister Mary, quickly: "this is the storm." — *Harper's Bazar*.

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DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE  
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GORMULLY & JEFFERY  
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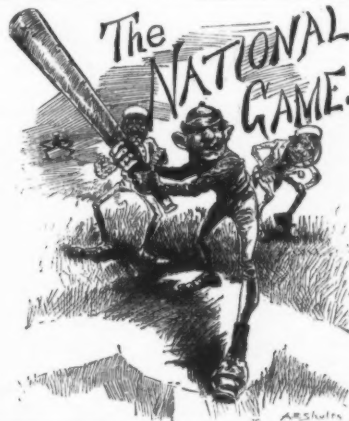
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